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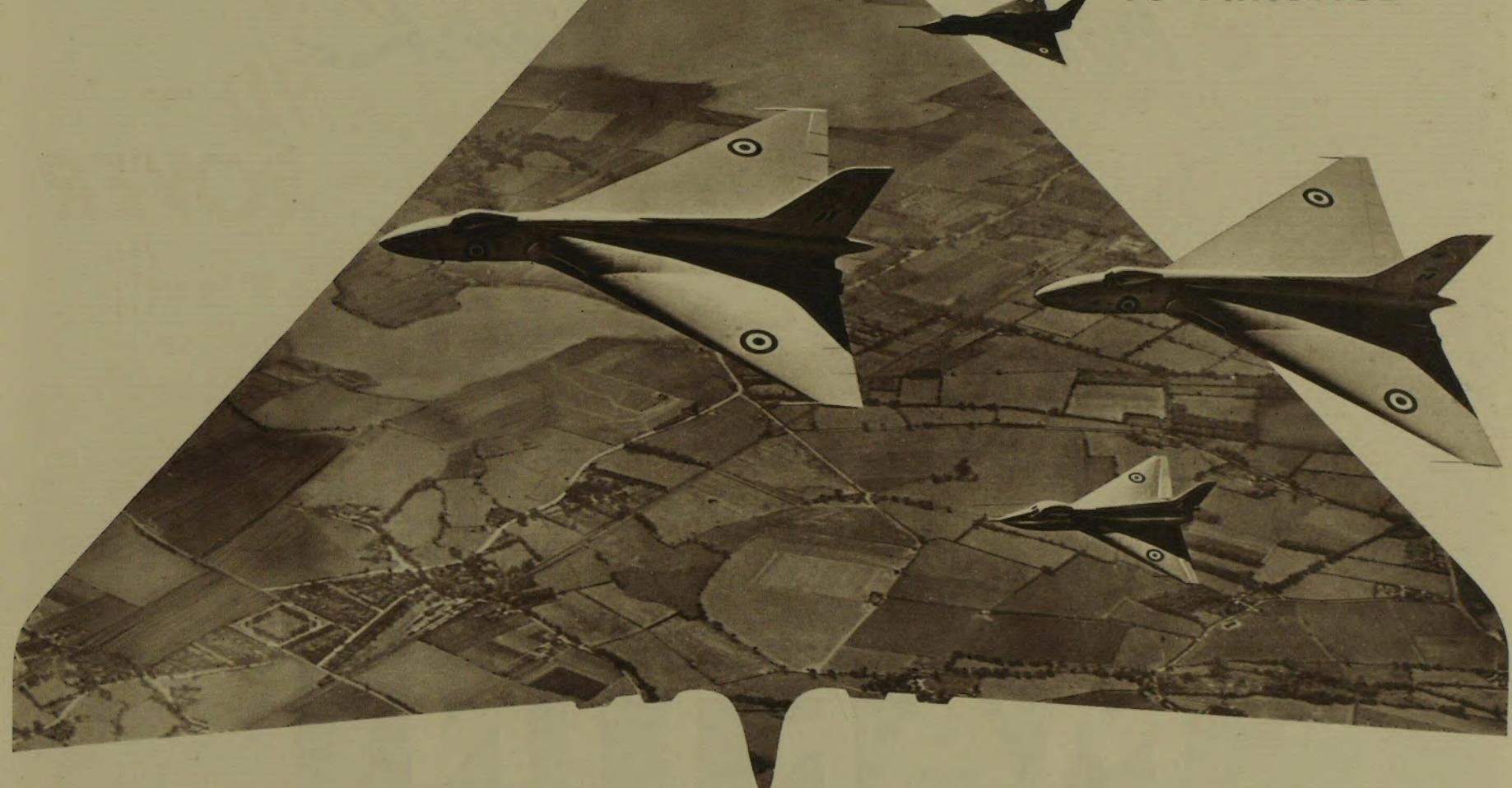
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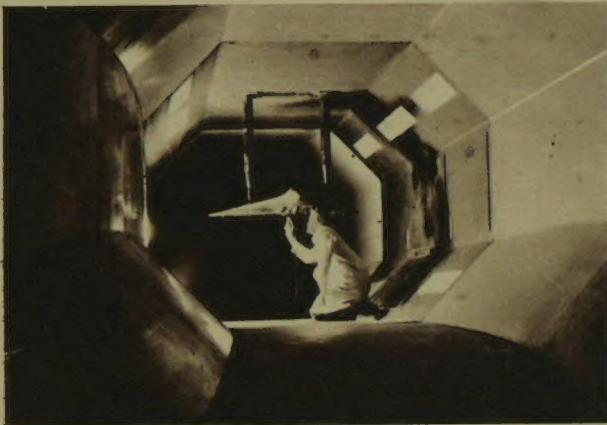
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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1955.



THE HELICOPTER AS THE MODERN ROYAL COACH: PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT FARNBOROUGH FOR THE JUBILEE AIR DISPLAY, IN A ROYAL NAVAL WESTLAND S55.

The helicopter, being the most "handy" of all modern aircraft, able to take off from, and land on, restricted space, is invaluable as a means of transport for short distances, a virtue which the members of the Royal family have been quick to appreciate. The Duke of Edinburgh constantly uses one to enable him to carry out full programmes which would otherwise be impossible to fulfil. In 1953 he flew in a helicopter that took off from the lawn of Buckingham Palace, this being the first

occasion on which a hover-aircraft had landed and taken off from the Palace gardens. He now pilots himself with practised skill. The Queen Mother made her first flight in a helicopter on April 23 last, when she flew to Biggin Hill; and Princess Margaret used one during her visit to Germany last year; and her Royal Highness travelled to Farnborough on July 7 to see the Jubilee Air Display of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, in a Westland S55 of the Royal Navy.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote on this page about the railway strike and the sympathy that I, like many others, felt for skilled men performing highly responsible work for which they received scarcely any more pay, and in many cases less, than that paid to men with a fraction of their skill and responsibility. But there is, of course, another side to all this, as, indeed, there was another side to the strike itself. It was expressed in a letter which I received shortly afterwards from a lady doctor, many of whose patients are railwaymen. "I have a considerable number of these," she wrote, "including drivers. My experience has been that, while they are firemen, I see them rather frequently, and they tend to be rather thin. So soon as they become drivers I seldom see them, and they invariably put on a good deal of weight. Unless they drink and gamble excessively, which many of them do, they live in their own houses, and mostly drive their own cars. Their hours of duty are not so onerous as you think. The first hundred miles is paid at basic rates, after that double rates. Neither do they work long hours without a break unless they so choose."

"One of the most serious problems for railway wages," she continued, "is the high rates paid to quite young men. Firemen from the age of fifteen upwards get £9 to £15 per week according to the hours and times worked.

On average until they are twenty-three to twenty-four they have no expenses. Hostel charges are ludicrous, and a good sum of money is left, which is usually frittered away. . . . The drinking and gambling that goes on is heartrending to the onlooker. . . . When and if they get married, they find the necessities of life cost money. They have acquired the habit of throwing money about on anything they fancy. Until they become drivers, which takes anything from fifteen to twenty years, they will not earn any more than they have previously done. The result is discontent, they get bored with domestic demands, and the wives, who usually before marriage have also earned, also get sulky, and this is mainly the cause of many failures in marriage.

"It is rather sad to me that, with all modern opportunities, their minds do not range beyond crude jazz, cinemas, football, etc. They have never heard of any decent author, painter, journal or anything in fact which exercises the mind; the furnishing of their houses is crude and ugly. After fifteen years of high wages and full employment some sense of responsibility towards the country and their fellow countrymen should have developed, but unfortunately it does not seem to have done so. They have no outlook beyond their personal grievances, the welfare of the general public is nothing to them. I know so many of them; I never hear them say they are fortunate, and what is more important, I never hear them express the slightest concern for the troubles of those people who are outside their immediate orbit.

"All the nationalised industries pay exorbitant wages, the price of their output rises every month, or thereabouts, yet they seethe with discontent. Hundreds of thousands of them throughout the country read nothing but the —, a paper I find full of petty grievances. During a strike the constant demand is, no victimisation. Their treatment of fellow workmen who do not agree with them, and the discomfort and losses of the general public is, of course, not victimisation."

The writer may only be presenting one aspect of the truth, and she may be overstating it, but it is difficult for anyone accustomed to weighing documentary evidence to doubt her sincerity or her first-hand knowledge of the problem she describes. That young men in nationalised industries are receiving wages far higher in many cases than private employers can pay men older and more highly skilled is one of the consequences of the joint policy of State Socialism and full employment, introduced by the Labour Government in 1945. I am far from disapproving of State ownership of certain forms of public utility, still less of full employment; nor do I believe that the Socialist Party's rule during the six years that followed the war was contrary to the country's interest. On the contrary, I feel

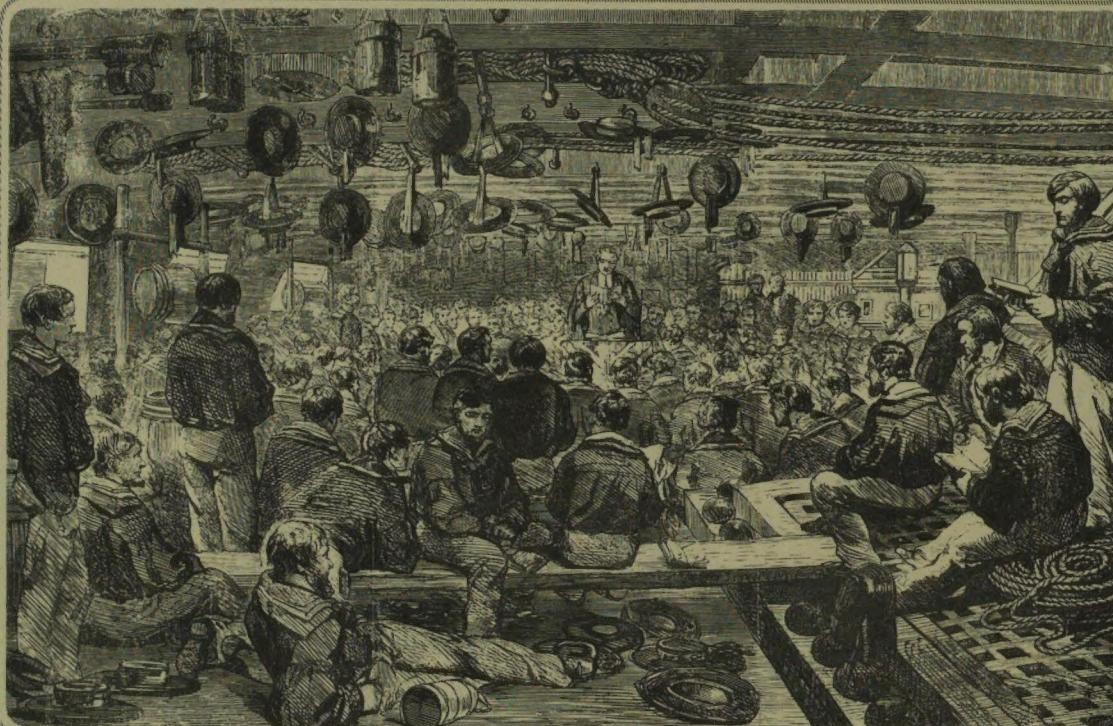
that, by and large, history will record that it was a necessary and, on the whole, beneficial stage in Britain's development. It represented, for one thing, a repudiation of the dreadful economic creed—and social fallacy—that in a great nation, many of whose people were desperately in need of the essentials of a decent life, it was more economic to let men rot in idleness and poverty than to employ them in making the goods and services they so urgently required. That shallow economic philosophy—if it deserved such a name—not only created the Socialist majority of 1945 but nearly lost us the war, for in 1940 we found ourselves on the edge of perdition because the Treasury, and the Governments that echoed its penny wise, pound foolish precepts, had for long been contending that the nation could not afford the indispensable minimum of arms and armaments that those responsible for the country's safety declared to be indispensable for that safety. That error in elementary arithmetic—and humanity—cost us many times more than the sums the Treasury had sought so conscientiously and blindly to save. And, as a result, it gave us a Socialist Government in 1945, wedded to the contrary belief that the nation could afford anything its people desired to have.

I suppose there is only one way that we humans can learn wisdom: through the consequences of our own folly. We do not always learn it even then. Yet sometimes, at least, we grow wise for a time: until, that is, a new generation comes along that has to learn the old lesson all over again. And if one main party in the State has learnt—as one trusts it has learnt—that a monetary policy that permits unemployment in the midst of poverty and shortages is a policy of suicide, one hopes that the other has learnt that a policy that assumes that human beings will work hard without any stimulus or spur to do so, is one that results in mass idleness and, in the long run, in national poverty by another route. The reason why the Socialists lost the recent election was epitomised by a working man from South Wales in a remark to a friend of mine who had assumed that he was going to vote for them: "No! they had their chance in 1945, and they made us a nation of shirkers!" That was an overstatement, of course, but it contained an element of truth and one that a sufficient number of electors recognised to

make the electoral result in 1955 what it was. If something was learnt between 1929 and 1939, something else was learnt between 1945 and 1955. We are not a wholly unobservant people.

I had another letter about the railway strike. It was from a working woman of my acquaintance, the wife of an intensely hard-working man with a small one-man business, who was cruelly wounded in the last war and who, for the past ten years, has fought a gallant, ceaseless and still continuing battle against illness and all the difficulties that confront the small man who dares to fend for himself in a Welfare State which expects, *inter alia*, the industrious to pay for the feckless and idle. Her husband was spending a brief, enforced holiday at a British Legion hostel for disabled ex-Servicemen, and she was carrying on her husband's little business of unceasing manual work in his absence, with the added difficulties of the railway strike to wrestle with. "I am so sorry the railway strike continues," she wrote; "so many strong, healthy, able-bodied men to be wasting their own and the nation's time! Some of them should visit the hostel where my husband is; may be, they would feel just a little ashamed to be making such a fuss and remember why and how much was sacrificed and how lucky they are to be able to work at all. In Roehampton and Rookwood Homes there are thousands who would be only too glad to be able to be well enough to work under any conditions." I know the worth of the woman who wrote that letter and of the man of whom she was thinking when she wrote it, and whose heavy, painful burden, shouldered valiantly fifteen years ago that England might live, she was helping him to carry. And reading it, I felt a little ashamed myself at having forgotten what we all tend to forget: of the price paid by some, living and dead, for all the blessings we enjoy.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 14, 1855.



"SUNDAY MORNING DIVINE SERVICE ON BOARD 'THE CÆSAR' IN THE BALTIC FLEET—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. CARMICHAEL."

"The characteristic picture engraved . . . from one of Mr. Carmichael's able sketches, is a truly-impressive scene; in its solemnity contrasting with the ordinary every-day life on board ship. It represents the Sunday morning Divine service on board the *Cæsar*, screw steamship, Captain John Robb, in the Baltic Fleet. The Chaplain is reading a portion of the service; the majority of those around are attentive listeners; and the general order and decorum of the scene can scarcely fail to impress the beholder with the paramount importance of the observance, and its holier influence upon the lives and habits of the crew."

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN SCOTLAND, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



AN UNUSUAL GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: SIX BOYS OF FETTES COLLEGE ON HORSEBACK PRECEDING THE ROYAL CAR AS IT DROVE AWAY.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Fettes College, Edinburgh, on July 4. As it was an informal visit, the boys had the honour of conducting the Royal visitors round the school. In a tour of two hours, the chapel, the new music and art rooms, concert hall, gymnasium, swimming-pool and cricket pitch were inspected; and the tour ended with a display of Highland dancing on the Master's lawn. Before leaving, the Queen inspected a guard of honour of six boys on ponies.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT FETTES: HER MAJESTY WITH PREFECT D. MACBEAN, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE, ON HER WAY TO THE SWIMMING-POOL.



THE QUEEN AS SOVEREIGN OF THE THISTLE: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE INSTALLATION.

The Queen as Sovereign of the Order of the Thistle walked in procession on July 4 to the Chapel of the Order in St. Giles' Cathedral for the Installation of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres and Lord Bilsland as members of Scotland's ancient Order of Chivalry.



SHAKING HANDS WITH AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD INMATE: THE QUEEN MOTHER AFTER OPENING THE NEW HOME OF THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

On July 7 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened Northwood, Chislehurst, the new home of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and is shown shaking hands with Miss Helen Pulling, from Jamaica. A 95-year-old inmate, Miss F. Gardner, presented a bouquet to her Majesty.



(LEFT.)
PRINCESS MARGARET'S FIRST VISIT TO LEICESTER: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE PONY SHOW AND JUMPING FESTIVAL.

Princess Margaret, who spent the week-end at Thorpe Lubenham Hall as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. H. Phillips, attended the Pony Show and Jumping Festival at Leicester on July 9 in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade New Building Fund.



(RIGHT.)
ROYAL GUESTS AT A RIVER PARTY ON THE THAMES: PRINCESS MARGARET (R.) AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (L.) BEING WELCOMED BY THEIR HOST, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (BACKGROUND; RIGHT).

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



KILLED BY A BOMB IN MUNICH:
MR. MATUS CERNAK.

Mr. Matus Cernak, a Slovak Nationalistémigré leader, former Slovak Minister of Education, was killed by a bomb in a parcel which exploded in a post office. It was addressed to the anti-Communist Slovakia National Council of Exiles.



IN ENGLAND FOR HIS SECOND INVESTITURE:
SIR ROBERT HOTUNG.

Sir Robert Hotung, ninety-two-year-old Chinese financier and philanthropist, arrived in England on July 7 to be invested by the Queen on July 12 with the K.B.E. for public services in Hong Kong. He was made a Knight Bachelor in 1915.



A NEW WOMAN'S AIR SPEED RECORD:

MME JACQUELINE AURIOL.

Mme. Jacqueline Auriol was reported on July 1 to have set up a new woman's world air speed record of 687 m.p.h. in a French-built *Mystère IV*. Turbo-jet fighter aircraft. The previous record was made by Miss Jacqueline Cochrane in California at 652 m.p.h. in a *Sabre* jet.



THE HEAD OF A FAMOUS PUBLISHING FIRM DIES:

SIR FRANK NEWNES.

The death occurred on July 10 at Perth, Australia, of Sir Frank Newnes, the son of the founder of the famous publishing firm. He was seventy-eight. A director of Newnes Ltd. since 1899, he became President of the company in 1954.



DIED ON JULY 6, AGED EIGHTY-NINE:

DR. H. G. ADAMSON.

Dr. Adamson was Consulting Physician for diseases of the skin at St. Bartholomew's. An Hon. Fellow at the Royal Society of Medicine and past President of the Dermatological Section, he was Goulstonian Lecturer, 1912.



WITH PRINCE BERNHARD: HERR WINKLER, WORLD HORSE-JUMPING CHAMPION.

Herr Winkler (Germany) won the World Show Jumping Championship Cup at Aachen and thus retained his title. The final was competed for by Herr Winkler, M. d'Oriola (France), Lieut. R. D'Inzeo (Italy) and Major Dallas (G.B.), and there was a jump-off between D'Inzeo and Winkler. The Prince of the Netherlands presented the cup.



THE WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY:

THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE TEAM.

July 7 was Public Schools Day at Bisley, and the oldest of the trophies, the Ashburton Shield, was won for the ninth time by the Winchester College team, captained by Cadet Sgt. William Crawford, with a score of 515. Marlborough was second with 512, beating Glenalmond—who had the same score—by a better score in the 500 yards. Marlborough also won the Public Schools Aggregate Trophy with 1431, and the Cadet Trophy, with the fine score of 131 out of a possible 140.



A BRITISH WINNER AT AACHEN:

MISS D. PALETHORPE.

Miss Dawn Palethorpe, of Great Britain, won the North Rhine-Westphalia Grand Prix Hunters' Trial at the Aachen International Horse Show on July 2 on *Earlsrath Rambler*. She won at the fourth jump-off, when the big wall had been built up to 6 ft. 6 ins., with no faults. Captain Lefrant, France, on *Vexelise*, was second with eight faults.



OPEN GOLF CHAMPION AGAIN:

MR. P. W. THOMSON.

The Australian golfer, P. W. Thomson, aged twenty-six, successfully defended his title of Open golf champion at St. Andrews, thus becoming one of the few to have held the title for two years in succession. His score of 281 was two strokes better than that of J. Fallon (Huddersfield).



NEW YORK'S FIRST NEGRO JUDGE: JUDGE H. A. STEVENS,

WITH MRS. STEVENS AND (LEFT) MR. HARRIMAN.

Judge Harold A. Stevens, aged forty-eight, of the Court of General Sessions in New York County, was on July 6 appointed by the Governor of New York, Mr. Harriman, a judge of the state Supreme Court, New York, and is the first negro to be chosen as a member of that court. He was in 1948 elected to the New York State Assembly as a Democrat. In 1953 he received a Papal decoration for work among his own race.



NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN INDIA:

MR. MACDONALD (WITH HIS WIFE).

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. M. MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the U.K. in South-East Asia since 1948, as High Commissioner for the U.K. in India. Mr. MacDonald has had a long connection with Commonwealth affairs.



THE ETON TEAM: (BACK ROW, L. TO R.) S. DOUGLAS PENNANT, H. C. BLOFELD, A. R. B. BURROWS, A. P. MARSHAM, E. J. LANE-FOX AND D. M. PEARSON. (SEATED, L. TO R.) A. M. WOLFE-MURRAY, C. T. M. PUGH, C. H. GIBSON (CAPTAIN), D. R. STODDART AND I. A. C. SINCLAIR. (IN FRONT) R. A. HEAD (TWELFTH MAN).

The Eton and Harrow match, played at Lord's on July 8 and 9, which ended in an exciting victory for Eton by 38 runs, was chiefly notable for two fine pieces of bowling, one by Douglas Pennant, who took seven Harrow wickets for 33 runs, and a hat-trick by Harrow's captain, A. R. B. Neame.



THE HARROW TEAM: (BACK ROW, L. TO R.) A. B. CABLE, I. H. STEWART-BROWN, M. L. MAYDON, J. C. T. HARVEY, A. J. CHAMPNISS, A. S. R. DE WINLAW. (SEATED, L. TO R.) G. D. MASSY, J. M. PARKER, A. R. B. NEAME (CAPTAIN), N. DAVIES-BARKER, R. S. MILLER. (IN FRONT) F. E. R. BUTLER (TWELFTH MAN).

which went near to placing Eton in danger of defeat. With the exception of a patient innings by A. J. Champniss, however, Harrow's batting, as in their first innings, failed against the accurate bowling of their rivals.

GRAVE AND GAY OCCASIONS: A GALLERY OF EMINENT MEN.



SIGNING THE OATHS OF ALLEGIANCE AND OFFICE DURING THE SWEARING-IN OF THE CENTRAL AFRICAN JUDICIARY: SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE FEDERATION.

Before a distinguished gathering which included the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Lord Kilmuir, the Chief Justice of the Central African Federation and judges of the Federal Supreme Court were sworn-in by the Governor-General, Lord Llewellyn, at Salisbury, Rhodesia, on July 1. Lord Llewellyn was accompanied to the Federal Legislative Assembly Chamber by a mounted escort of British South Africa police. Our photograph shows the Governor-General (seated, centre) swearing-in the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Tredgold (left).



READING A MEMORIAL PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE SINKING OF HIS OLD SHIP: LORD MOUNTBATTEN WITH A MEMBER OF THE VESSEL'S CREW.

During a visit by the First Sea Lord and Lady Mountbatten to the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham on July 4, Lord Mountbatten was reminded of the sinking of his old ship, H.M.S. Kelly, by a memorial plaque and by meeting C.P.O. Wells of Reading, a member of Kelly's crew.



THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TALKING WITH THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER: MR. ALDRICH (LEFT) WITH DR. EISENHOWER. At an Independence Day garden-party at the home of the U.S. Ambassador, one of the guests was Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, President of Pennsylvania State University and brother of President Eisenhower, who is on a two-months tour of Britain and the Continent with his sixteen-year-old daughter.



INTRODUCING A GRAVE WARNING ON NUCLEAR WEAPONS

SIGNED BY EMINENT SCIENTISTS: EARL RUSSELL.

A statement calling for the renunciation of war because of the terrible results of modern nuclear weapons was issued in London on July 9 by Lord Russell (Bertrand Russell) on behalf of himself and eight scientists of international reputation, including Professor Einstein, who signed just before his death.



PRESENTING A TROPHY DURING A VISIT TO 500 (COUNTY OF KENT) SQUADRON R.AUX.A.F.: SIR ANTHONY EDEN.

On July 9 the Prime Minister visited No. 500 (County of Kent) Squadron of the R.Aux.A.F., of which he is Honorary Air Commodore, at West Malling. During his visit he presented the Cooper Trophy to Squadron Leader D. M. Clause. The trophy goes to the Auxiliary Squadron showing most promise during the year.



THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN WELCOMED BY SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER DURING HIS VISIT TO NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

The Sultan of Muscat and Oman, Sultan Said bin Taimur, is the thirteenth of his dynasty and succeeded in 1932. During a recent private visit to London he went to New Scotland Yard, where he was welcomed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir John Nott-Bower.



AT LONDON AIRPORT ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: MR. NEHRU (LEFT) WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) HIS DAUGHTER, HIS SISTER, MRS. PANDIT, AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN.

On July 8 Mr. Nehru arrived in London after flying from Rome. He was met by Sir Anthony Eden and by Mrs. Pandit, who is the Indian High Commissioner in London. During his visit (which ended on July 10, when he left by air for Cairo) he was received by the Queen at Windsor and, while staying at Chequers, met at luncheon Mr. Harold Macmillan. After spending a night at Romsey with Admiral Earl Mountbatten, he flew by helicopter to London on July 10.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY JUBILEE.



PART OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY AT LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM: THE PARADE OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE VETERAN CAR CLUB RALLY.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM SIR LEONARD LORD: ALAN SWADLING, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF THE "JUNIOR GRAND PRIX" RACE.



OFF YOU GO! COMPETITORS IN THE "JUNIOR GRAND PRIX" FOR CHILDREN OF AUSTIN EMPLOYEES IN AUSTIN J. 40 PEDAL CARS, RUNNING TO THEIR VEHICLES.

The Austin Motor Company, which to-day employs over 20,000 people, who produce more than 120 vehicles every working hour, celebrated its Jubilee at Longbridge Works, Birmingham, on July 9. Sir Leonard Lord, chairman and managing director, pointed out that fifty years ago when the factory was started by Herbert Austin it employed fewer than 250 people and in one year produced 120 cars. The celebrations included a remarkable cavalcade of Austin cars from 1908 until the present day in which the new gas turbine-engined Austin *Sheerline* appeared for the first time. As recorded on another page, competitors in the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain Jubilee Rally joined in the celebrations, and carried out their driving tests and received their awards at Longbridge. The "Junior Grand Prix" for children was a popular event during the day. Competitors raced round the course in Austin J. 40 pedal cars.

ALLIED NAVAL MIGHT, AND BLUEBIRD.

A large American naval task force visited this country recently and was due to sail for Cuba on July 11. The battleship *Iowa* has visited Portsmouth, with the cruiser *Northampton*, the escort carrier *Siboney* and four destroyers; the cruiser *Des Moines* and four destroyers have been in Plymouth; the battleship *New Jersey*, with two destroyers and a tanker, has been at Weymouth; and the cruiser *Columbus* and two minesweepers at Torquay.

—Mr. Donald Campbell has begun tests on Ullswater with his turbo-jet hydroplane *Bluebird*, in which he hopes to regain the world water speed record for Britain.—The Royal Navy carrier H.M.S. *Bulwark* (20,330 tons) paid a courtesy visit to Stockholm from June 14-21; and six other ships of the British Navy, under the command of Admiral Sir Michael Denny, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, were there from June 15-21.



A U.S. BATTLESHIP AT PORTSMOUTH: *IOWA* (45,000 TONS), FLAGSHIP OF REAR-ADmiral R. E. LIBBY, AT PORTSMOUTH, WHERE SHE ARRIVED WITH OTHER WARSHIPS ON JULY 4.



LEAVING HER HANGAR ON HER LAUNCHING CRADLE: *BLUEBIRD*, MR. DONALD CAMPBELL'S TURBO-JET HYDROPLANE, WHICH BEGAN HER TESTS ON ULLSWATER ON JULY 6.



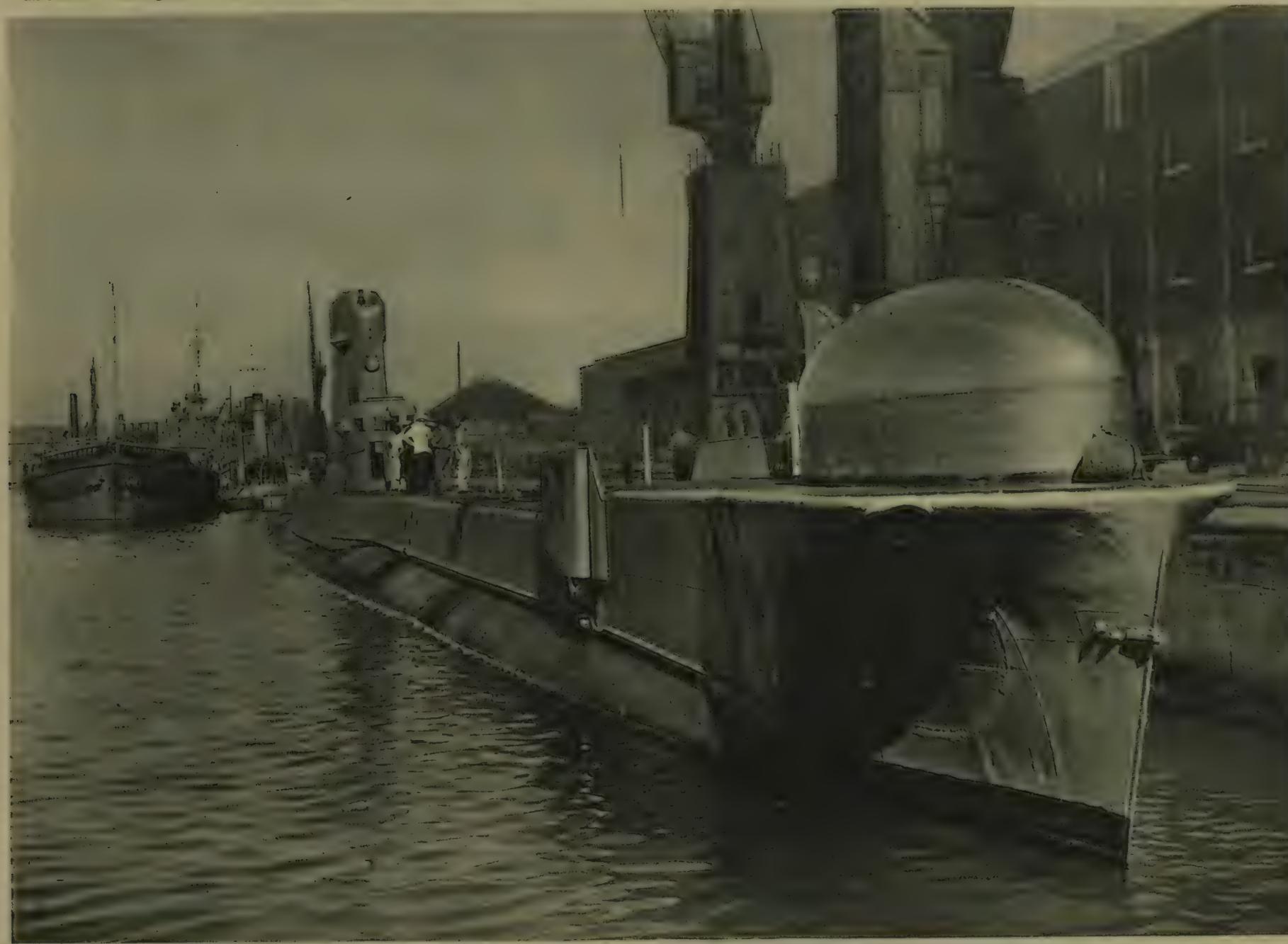
THE BRITISH NAVAL COURTESY VISIT TO SWEDEN: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *BULWARK* (20,330 TONS) LYING AT STOCKHOLM. SHE WAS FLOODLIT DURING HER VISIT.

THE FIRST GAS TURBINE WARSHIP, AND A STRANGE BRITISH SUBMARINE.

THE FIRST WARSHIP TO BE POWERED SOLELY BY GAS TURBINE ENGINES: THE FAST GUNBOAT *GREY GOOSE*, CAPABLE IN SMOOTH WATER OF SOMETHING LIKE 50 KNOTS.

On July 5 the fast gunboat H.M.S. *Grey Goose*, a former steam gunboat of 205 tons and now powered by two Rolls-Royce RM 60 gas turbines and two controllable-pitch propellers, was put through her paces in the Channel. These engines are stated to be the most advanced marine gas turbines in the world to-day

and of a type which will eventually be used in many kinds of warship. Their main advantage is that they give greater power for less bulk and weight than other kinds of propulsive machinery. During the test *Grey Goose* carried out spectacular evolutions at very high speeds estimated at 50 knots.

A NEW PROFILE FOR SUBMARINES: THE EXPERIMENTAL H.M.S. *HERMOPYLÆ*, WITH THE FANTASTIC FORWARD BUBBLE HOUSING.

This photograph was taken in the East India Dock, London, during the recent visit to London of the submarine *Thermopylae*. *Thermopylae*, a "T" class submarine, was completed originally in 1945. Since then, like some of her sister-ships, she has been reconstructed, rather on the lines of the U.S. "Guppy" class. She is

of welded construction and a new 20-ft.-long section has been built into her. The purpose of the domed housing is not revealed, though somewhat similar domes in U.S. submarines are believed to house listening and detector gear. Before reconstruction she was of 1090 tons, standard.

G.K.C.—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 1905-1936.

"THE GLASS WALKING-STICK AND OTHER ESSAYS"; By G. K. CHESTERTON. With an introduction by SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO anyone who has lived (as we ephemerides go) a long time, and has numerous friends scattered all over the country and the globe, one of the greatest pleasures is the reappearance, after a long interval, of men and women once familiarly, even intimately, known. They may have wandered far, followed trades to us incomprehensible, and begotten children and grandchildren, but no sooner do they reappear than the gulf of years is instantly bridged. What do a few, or many, grey hairs matter? Fundamentally in the relationship there is no change: there are the old voice, the old grin, the old shared jokes and memories. Were I to meet to-morrow the man (or, to use an equivalent term, boy) who shared a study with me at school, I should find (to my delight) that he hadn't changed at all, and he would find (to his great regret) that I hadn't changed either.

I had that sort of feeling of reunion when this book by Chesterton reached me. It is nearly twenty years since his friends stood in the little church at Beaconsfield, with the Cardinal-Archbishop and other Bishops going through their rites over the dead. I didn't realise that a great deal of Chesterton's work was still uncollected, and that it would, even the journalistic part of it, be as alive long after his death as it was in the week during which it was written. Now a small selection of the essays which he contributed to this paper from 1905 to 1936 is published, and it reads just like a new book by a living Chesterton. He walks into the room again, with all the old gusto, all the old wit, all the old fun, and all the old seriousness and honesty. Frequently he makes one think, and sometimes he makes one laugh, not merely aloud but uproariously.

In that regard I must have a quarrel with his editor, and former secretary, Miss Dorothy Collins, who has been serving him as well in death as she did in life. She does not print the essays in chronological order. She does in her index give the date of each essay: but, as I read, I kept on saying to myself, "This must be early," or "This must be late," and then rushing back to the "Index" to find my opinion confirmed—which it always was. For Chesterton, although always his unique self, did develop. It was not merely a matter of his conversion to the Catholic Church: he was as devout as, and as historically-minded a Christian when he was making speeches to the Church Congress, as he was when he went over to the Faith of his combative friend Hilaire Belloc. I think the First World War did it: it shocked him, and it shocked him into a greater seriousness of expression, though he jested to the last.

The opening essay, written when Chesterton was but thirty-one, is a typical example of what, if he were a painter, would be called his early manner.

The very first paragraph goes: "Practical politics are in this world continually coming to grief; for the truth is that practical politics are too practical for this world. This world is so incurably romantic that things never work out properly if you have them on the sound business principle. For instance, it is always assumed in modern social philosophy that ornaments, curiosities, *objets d'art*, etc., are things that people add to their lives when they have procured all that is solid and sensible. The actual fact is quite otherwise. The savage wears an *objet d'art* in his nose before he discovers that clothes are of any use at all. Man discovered that dress was a luxury before he discovered that dress was a necessity. It is not only true that luxuries are more noble than necessities; it really seems as if they were more necessary than necessities." What provoked those reflections I leave it to the reader to find out: it is enough to say that amongst the objects which led to these profound philosophical musings were a glass walking-stick full

few centuries is that he instinctively pursued the wildest paradox and then accepted it as a solid truism. He said he was hard-headed, and stood on his head to prove it." Then, having led the reader to wonder what on earth he was up to now, he proceeded, by dint of examples, to make quite a strong case for his contention—festooned, of course, with gay fancies, as that of a meeting between Edward Lear and King Lear, and the suggestion that the Dong with the Luminous Nose might have been Oliver Cromwell.

He loved playing with ideas, especially if they were absurd ideas, solemnly entertained by other persons or jocularly invented by himself. There is here one essay actually called "Playing with an Idea." He begins by producing a theory about the suitability of people's names to their bearers, and expounds it with such eloquence and such ingenious examples that the unwary reader is tempted to think that he is really being serious and that there actually might be something in what he says. But having played with the idea long enough he brings us up with a start as he bluntly announces the frontiers between sense and nonsense. "The above," he says, "is an impromptu instance of what I call playing with an idea; but the question is, what does one think of the idea? I will tell you what I think of it; I think it is complete bosh."

He uses the word "impromptu" here, and I think much, even of his serious work, was brilliant improvisation. The first time I ever heard him speak was, I think, in that very year 1905. It was at Cambridge. I don't remember what his nominal theme was: probably Liberty or some such inaccessible abstraction. He lumbered on to the platform with a smile, his pince-nez on the end of his nose, and in his hand a paper, presumably of notes, about the size of a postage-stamp. He got the audience laughing at once and



"EVEN TO-DAY THE SOUND OF HIS NAME IS LIKE A TRUMPET-CALL": GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON WORKING ON A MODEL THEATRE AT HIS DESK.

During the 113 years since Herbert Ingram founded *The Illustrated London News*, we have been privileged to publish the work of many distinguished men and women, but the name of one contributor sounds, in the words of Sir Arthur Bryant, "like a trumpet-call." This man was Gilbert Keith Chesterton, who contributed "Our Note Book" each week from our issue of September 30, 1905, until his death in 1936. The book, which is reviewed by Sir John Squire, an old friend of G. K. Chesterton's, on this page, consists of a selection of some of the essays which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* during this period. They have been edited by G. K. Chesterton's former secretary, Miss Dorothy Collins, and the preface is by Sir Arthur Bryant, the present contributor of "Our Note Book," who followed G.K.C. in what Sir John calls "his weekly pulpit."

of sweets, and a patchwork-quilt made from bits of uniforms worn by both sides at the Battle of Waterloo.

That is the sort of thing which gave him a certain sort of reputation amongst people who couldn't see the clarity of vision behind his burlesques and the hard core of thinking behind his superficial frivolities. Twenty-two years later he considered this term which was almost invariably applied to him. "The English People," he began boldly, "have a peculiar appetite for paradox. I suppose such a statement will itself be called a paradox; for the phrase is commonly applied, for some reason or other, not to Englishmen generally, but to the one sad and solitary Englishman who bears alone, in this column, the doom or judgement upon his race. Both he and his race, however, remain reasonably cheerful under it; and though it is rather a bore to be called paradoxical, it is rather a compliment to be recognised as national. Nevertheless, there are shades of variety, and the mad Englishman may wear his wild rose with a difference. The curious thing about the representative Englishman of the last

rambled gaily on, obviously making it up as he went; and chuckling as each bright idea struck him. Of what he said I can remember nothing, except that he pointed out that a music-hall has nothing to do with music, that a public-house isn't really public, and that when a man exclaims "How my aunt has changed," he is really emphasising the fact that fundamentally she hasn't changed, for she is still his aunt.

Thus could he talk in private also. But unlike many of the best talkers of his time, he did not indulge in monologue unless he was egged on to it; he was a good listener, and could embroider and expand other people's notions as well as his own.

It is a joy to meet him again. His book is suitably, elegantly and enthusiastically introduced by Sir Arthur Bryant, who followed him in what I may be allowed to call his weekly pulpit.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 124 of this issue.



AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF MAGNIFICENT CATTLE: A GENERAL VIEW OF A PARADE IN THE MAIN RING AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, HELD THIS YEAR AT WOLLATON PARK, NOTTINGHAM, WHERE THE AREA OF THE SHOW GROUND EXTENDED OVER 166 ACRES.



INSPECTING A CHAMPION BULL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPENT NEARLY FOUR HOURS AT THE SHOW ON JULY 6.



LOOKING AT THE WINNING SHEEP: H.M. THE QUEEN. IN THE RYELAND CLASS (SHOWN) THE WINNERS WERE THE ENTRIES OF MR. H. C. DENT AND VIVIENNE LADY CAWLEY.



IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE GRAND RING: (L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT; THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM THE QUEEN: MAJOR H. BEAUMONT, MASTER OF THE KILDARE HUNT, WHO WON THE HUNTER CHAMPIONSHIP WITH WHAT A WALK.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT NOTTINGHAM: THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE; AND AN IMPRESSIVE CATTLE PARADE.

The four-day Royal Show, 107th of the series, opened on July 5 at Wollaton Park, near Nottingham, in fine weather. The annual Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, known as the "Royal," is the most important of the year's farming events. On the opening day the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited it, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent four hours there on July 6, while the Princess Royal came on July 5 and 6. The Queen presented medals, and she and the Duke inspected the champion animals, and later watched the Hunter

Championship. Numerous foreign visitors were present, and one Russian was able to give first-hand information of pedigree Hereford stock bought in Britain for Russia in 1939 and 1946. He said they had been successfully crossed with native breeds, particularly the Astrakhan. The exhibits at the Show included champion livestock, and agricultural implements, as well as Milk Marketing Board and forestry sections, and there was also a flower show and a display arranged by the National Federation of Women's Institutes.

ON June 30 the British Government invited the Governments of Greece and Turkey to send representatives to a conference in London to discuss "political and defence questions which affect the Eastern Mediterranean, including Cyprus." Sir Anthony Eden stated that the discussions were intended to "range widely" and that the three parties were expected to engage in them without prior commitments. He said that Britain would be represented by the Foreign Secretary, the Minister of Defence, and the Colonial Secretary: Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Lennox-Boyd. He pointed out that such talks could not take place until after the Four-Power Geneva Conference, beginning on July 18. Asked whether the people of Cyprus would be consulted, he replied that it would be wise to start with the international aspect. In point of fact, this aspect covers relatively little besides Cyprus, from one point of view or another. The decision, therefore, breaks new ground, since it has till now been the view of the Government that the future of Cyprus is a British interest, not to be officially discussed with Greece.

The new move has been widely welcomed. The question of Cyprus had gone far towards poisoning relations between Britain and Greece, old friends and present allies. What those of us who had closely watched the situation had feared had come to pass. In Cyprus an ugly and vicious campaign of terrorism had been established, making a settlement, or, indeed, any form of concession, much more difficult than it had been. The explosives used had come largely from Greece. The broadcasts from Radio Athens had included incitement to violence—and the plea of the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Stefanopoulos, that these were quotations from articles in the Press and that British opinions had also been broadcast, was disingenuous and far from friendly. On the British side the attitude had been unduly stiff, not to say *gauche*. It had also been dilatory in failing to make use of the spell of relatively fine political weather in which useful work might have been accomplished. Happily, the present project, denoting a change of mind, is for this very reason evidence also of strength of mind.

It is not the intention to delve back in this article into the early stages of Cypriot aspirations. What brought the affair into the international foreground was the visit of the Greek Prime Minister, Field Marshal Papagos, to our present Prime Minister and then Foreign Secretary, during his convalescence in Greece after his illness. The latter then informed the former that the future of Cyprus was a matter in which the British Government did not recognise the right of Greece to intervene. This was followed by an invitation to the Field Marshal to visit England, coupled with a ban on conversations on the subject of Cyprus. He felt that he would be unable to return and face the Government and the country with the admission that he had nothing in his pocket concerning Cyprus, and that his only course was to refuse the invitation. I should perhaps add that, despite the ban on political talks, it is well known that there have been frequent interchanges behind the scenes.

I thought I was well up in the subject, but when I was in Greece last month I was astonished by the unanimity of Greek opinion about it. For example, the Secretary-General of the Greek Trade Union Association, Mr. Macris, whom I visited to talk about labour problems, took a line which did not differ from that of the Greek Government. The day before I called upon him he had returned from an important Trade Union Congress in Vienna. There he had proposed, and the Congress had adopted, a resolution that Cyprus must be considered as being under foreign occupation; the Congress had also pledged itself to provide the Cypriots with all possible help. Mr. Macris put it that all Greeks held similar views on Cyprus.

If, however, there are no differences of aim, there are shades of opinion on the subject of means to attain it, just as there are in Cyprus. These vary from the most moderate and tolerant to the most extreme and unbalanced. The latter would wreck any chances if they had their way, though in most cases out of thoughtlessness rather than malice. The former include strong influences who might be able to do a vast amount of good, provided that the proposals on which they had to work were such as stood any chance of avoiding rejection by the intermediate opinion, which is neither particularly pliant nor particularly bitter, and which represents the largest proportion of educated people. It goes without saying that even those most in favour of a settlement would reject any which did not contain some provisions for

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CONFERENCE ON THE LEVANT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the eventual establishment of self-determination in Cyprus.

The invitation to Turkey to take part in the conference leads to consideration of one of the most thorny features. Will the Greek Government agree that Turkey shall talk on equal terms with Greece about the future of Cyprus? Racially, the proportions in the island are roughly 80 per cent. Greek and 18 per cent. Turkish. Graeco-Turkish relations were excellent until this controversy reached its height, since when they have become less friendly. Many Greeks hold that the British Government, finding Turkish dislike of *Enosis* convenient but not sharp enough, stirred it up, especially when the question came before the United Nations. Turkish objections to any reunion or prospect of reunion of Cyprus with Greece are whole-hearted enough to-day, though they are still voiced more bitterly by Turkish Cypriots than

TEACHING TROUT TO BECOME ACROBATS.



AN AUSTRIAN EXPERIMENT WITH TROUT: HOLDING A WORM BEFORE THE NOSE OF A TROUT, INDUCING IT TO LEAP A WOODEN BARRIER.

Following our remarkable colour picture in *The Illustrated London News* of May 28 of a trout leaping from the water to take an angler's fly, here is another outstanding photograph, this time from Upper Austria, where, at a sawmill owned by the brothers Suger, the river trout have been trained to leap barriers in attempting to seize parts of a worm held by the human hand. There appears to be no end to the ingenuity shown by this fish in the pursuit of its food, and it seems pleasantly possible that the next step will be to display an acrobatic trout in one of the rôles in international circuses previously claimed by those clowns of the animal world, the sea-lions.

in Turkey itself. Already some suggestions have been made in Greece that, though it would be reasonable for British, Greek and Turkish representatives to sit down together, the final talks on Cyprus should be between Britons and Greeks.

Presuming that a practicable proposal is made, its fate will, to a considerable extent, depend on the attitude of the Church, particularly in Cyprus, but also in Greece. If Archbishop Makarios was faithfully reported as saying that he could not condemn terrorism because, if he did, he would lose his influence, his outlook is not promising. On the other hand, I cannot agree with the view of some Britons that, since the Church in their opinion exercises undue influence in Cyprus, we should disregard or discount expressions of public opinion there. The Church is fulfilling a traditional rôle, and, if its arguments and methods seem morally reprehensible to some, they are still not entitled to deny that Cypriots mean what they say. We can no more say that the influence of the Church should be discounted than Greeks or Cypriots can say

that the views of the British Chiefs of Staff with regard to the Cyprus base, which influence the British Government, should not be considered.

I have previously discussed the question of the base, but so long ago that a recapitulation may be desirable. It is a partial peace-time replacement of the Suez Canal base, but, though only a partial one, has considerable importance. The headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief British Middle East Land Forces (General Sir Charles Keightley) and the Commander-in-Chief Middle East Air Force (Air Marshal Sir Claude Pelly) have been established there. A new British "centre," or permanent camp, is now to be constructed near Famagusta. The island represents the only British territory in this area. The Greek Prime Minister, whose grave illness is to be deplored at this juncture, has stated that, in the event of the union of Cyprus with Greece, the Greek Government would be prepared to maintain all the British facilities and even extend them to the mainland of Greece. The British reply has been that Governments change and leases may be repudiated. Military opinion prefers the present arrangement.

As I wrote last year after a previous visit to Greece, her record as an ally is first-class, and as regards pledges, as good as can be found. Into the bargain, the situation in the island has sharply deteriorated since last year, and the attitude of the population of the country in which a military base is established is a factor which cannot be disregarded, because it affects its military value. Now, as I have already suggested, a settlement will be less easy than would have been the case last autumn, both because Cypriot temperers have grown hotter and Turkish opposition to the principle of *Enosis* has grown stronger. I admit that the Greek Government is not as firm in the saddle as it then was, partly owing to the sickness of the Prime Minister and the difficulty of finding a successor welcome to all its sections, partly owing to financial troubles and the unpopularity of its new taxation. At the same time, no Government which could now assume office would differ from it in policy regarding Cyprus and the base.

Some sections of the Opposition might even take a stronger line than the Government is likely to. The Liberal leader, Mr. Papandreou, made, as his first comment, the statement that the invitation ought not to be accepted unless an assurance of self-determination for Cyprus were given in advance. If I appear to insist *ad nauseam* on the point, it is because it does not seem to be fully understood that no party in Greece could fail to support the claims of Cyprus, because, if it did, its own support would vanish. An element of danger emerges from this factor of political self-preservation. It tends to make all leaders and all parties shy of going half-way for the sake of a settlement, because they feel that such a step, which might in other circumstances be considered laudable, would in this be damaging to their reputation.

This is not to fall into pessimism about the prospects of a conference or of its achieving useful results. There are men of good will who will work for a settlement if the basis proposed appears reasonable to them. Yet it seems that a conference at this stage is more likely to provide promising material for further discussion than to reach a clear-cut agreement. Fresh air on the present over-charged atmosphere would in itself be a great benefit. There is hardly an unbiased commentator in this country or in Greece who has not by now come round to the view that both Governments have been at fault in their handling of the subject, and that the sooner they bring a new spirit to bear on it, the better. The British Government has made a good start by its bold and original initiative.

My last words will be entirely speculative. I should envisage, to begin with, a constitutional offer decided in advance of that last made, which reserved to the Governor's authority virtually every matter of importance; but this would be subject to cessation of violence, because if that were to continue, the project would not be safe. But the most liberal of constitutions would be unacceptable if accompanied by any such *pronunciamiento* as that made at the time of the last, that in no future which could be foreseen would Cyprus be in a position to choose her own destiny. It would have to be made clear that finality—which, in any case, can never be subject to human decrees—was out of the question here. Details are hard to foresee; another plebiscite eventually suggests itself, but I cannot venture to say within what time. We must all hope that the drift towards tragedy will be arrested.



ON VIEW FOR THE FIRST TIME: A FORMATION OF TWIN-ENGINED JETS WITH SWEPT WINGS, BELIEVED BY OBSERVERS TO BE A NEW ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER.



CARRYING STREAMING BANNERS OF THE SOVIET REPUBLICS, A FORMATION OF LIGHT TRAINER AIRCRAFT OPENED THE SOVIET AIR DAY DISPLAY HELD NEAR MOSCOW.



POWERED BY FOUR TURBO-PROP ENGINES, THESE SWEPT-WING BOMBERS, WHICH MIGHT BE USED AS REFUELING AIRCRAFT, HAD NOT BEEN PREVIOUSLY EXHIBITED.



STAGING AN AIRBORNE LANDING OF MOTORISED INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY: SINGLE-ENGINED AND TWIN-ENGINED HELICOPTERS LAND A LARGE FIGHTING FORCE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.



SPELLING THE WORDS "SLAVA K.P.S.S." (GLORY TO THE K.P.S.S.), SOVIET MILITARY AIRCRAFT GIVE A DEMONSTRATION OF TRICK FORMATION FLYING.

SHOWING HER AIR MIGHT AND STRESSING HER PRODUCTION POTENTIAL: SOME FEATURES OF RUSSIA'S AIR DAY DISPLAY.

Western observers of the Soviet Air Day celebrations at Tushino Airfield, near Moscow, on July 3, are agreed that the main feature of the display was the quantity of the latest types of jet aircraft on view. Nearly all the aircraft had been seen before by Western air attachés, but never in such numbers, and it is believed that one of the objects of the display was to impress foreign observers with the rapid progress made in bringing up-to-date supersonic fighters and inter-Continental bombers into large-scale production. The show opened with a fly-past of light aircraft, each carrying a streaming banner. Said to be on view for the first time

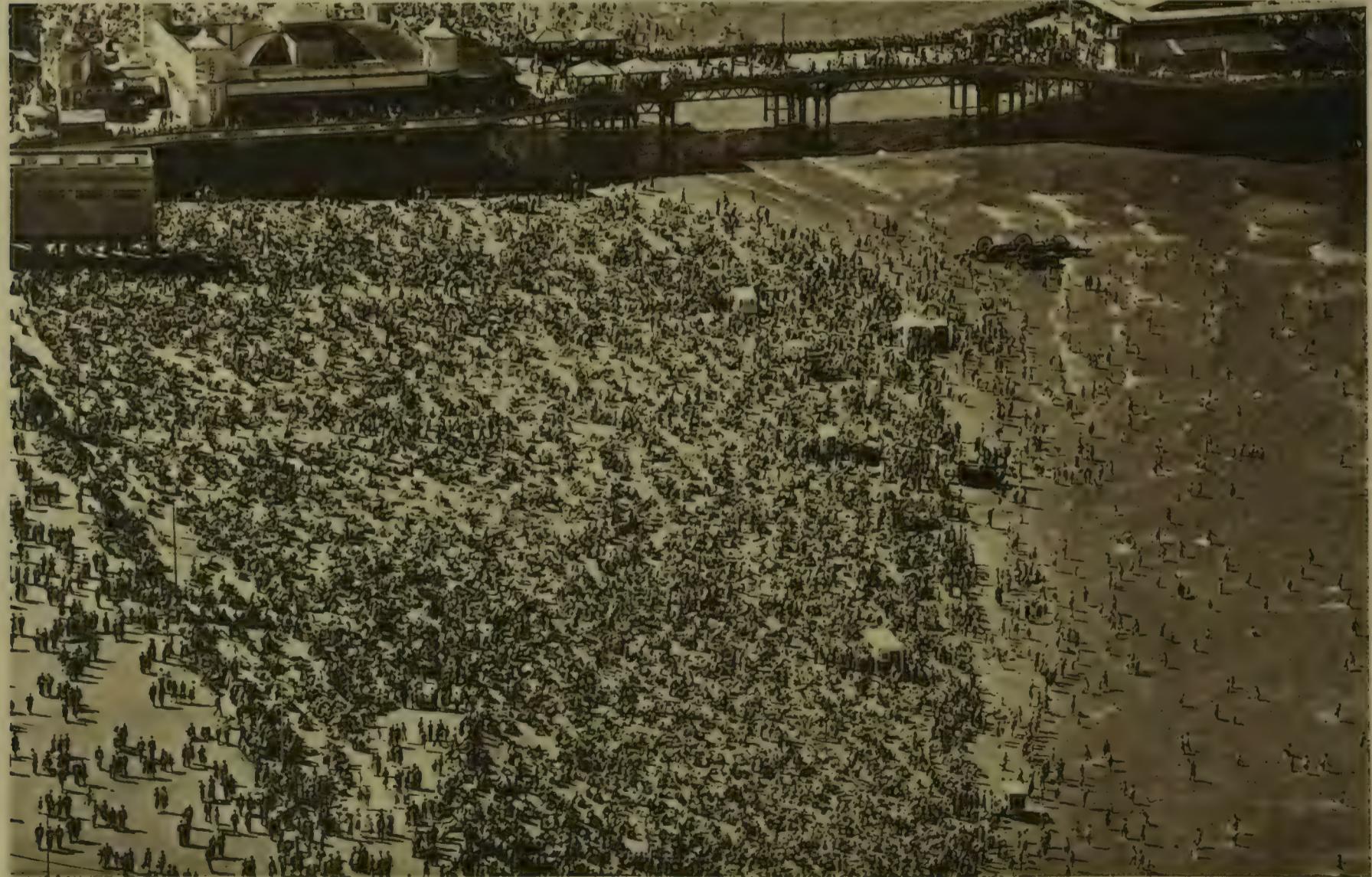


A DAY AT THE AIR SHOW: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WATCHING THE DISPLAY OF RUSSIA'S AIR MIGHT. SOVIET LEADERS AND FOREIGN OBSERVERS ALSO ATTENDED.

was a big swept-wing bomber powered by four turbo-prop engines which, it is believed, might be intended to refuel inter-Continental jet bombers. Seven of this type were on show, indicating that the model is already in service. Also making its first public appearance was a twin-jet all-weather fighter, fifty of which flew over in formations of five. Other outstanding features of the display, which was attended by the Soviet leaders, was a descent by helicopters carrying troops, guns and vehicles, the appearance of a swept-wing transport aircraft which could be the prototype of a jet airliner, and the customary mass parachute-jumping display.



LOUNGING ON THE BEACH, NO DOUBT CONVERSING AMICABLY OF THIS AND THAT, OR GOING IN FOR THE DIP (NOT TOO FAR OUT) THAT MAKES A HOLIDAY WORTHWHILE, THE SEAL FAMILIES OF TYULENI ISLAND, IN THE SEA OF OKHOTSK, RESEMBLE CONSPICUOUSLY OTHER FAMILIES AT OTHER RESORTS.



BASKING ON BLACKPOOL BEACH, THESE HOLIDAYMAKERS ENJOY THE AMENITIES OF PIER AND REFRESHMENT STALLS, DENIED THE SEALS OF TYULENI.

FUR SEALS AND SUN-BATHERS: A SIMILARITY OF BEACH SCENES FROM BLACKPOOL AND TYULENI ISLAND.

The seals in our photograph are part of a large rookery on Tyuleni Island, at the entrance of Patience Bay, in the Sea of Okhotsk. They are fur seals (*Otaridae*), possessing a permanent undercoating of short, soft fur, the "seal skin" of the costumer. Their breeding-grounds are boulder-strewn beaches, similar to that shown above, or rocky hill slopes near the shore. The bulls reach the island early in May and take up their places. The cows begin to arrive from the feeding areas

in the first week in June, and by the middle of July the beaches have reached the state of congestion familiar to those who have visited our most popular seaside resorts at about the same time of the year. By early winter, the seals have left the island, migrating to the feeding-grounds of the south, leaving the beaches not merely deserted but devoid even of those empty ice-cream cartons and lemonade bottles by which departing human holidaymakers hope to be remembered.



THE JOYS OF A HOT DAY ON THE BEACH: OVER TWO MILLION NEW YORKERS OBEYING THE HERDING INSTINCT TO SPEND THE FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAY BY THE SEA AT CONEY ISLAND, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Under the stress of hot weather, the common human instinct is firstly to flock to the seaside, and secondly—like the seals of Tyuleni Island, in the Sea of Okhotsk—to make for the spot best calculated to be already crammed almost to suffocation point with others imbued with the same predilection for herding. In New York, Independence Day—July 4—brought a temperature of 95 degs. and a migration of some 2,000,000 souls to Coney Island, whose famous beach presented from the

air the remarkable spectacle seen in the photograph above. In Britain, too, warm weather brings out the crowds, and these crowds tend to forgather where they know others are forgathering. Blackpool beach, Coney Island and Tyuleni Island, all represent an aspect of instinctive behaviour as marked in the human species as in any other, an aspect whose origin lies possibly in the deep-rooted conviction that although there is discomfort in numbers perhaps there is safety also.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

COMEDY OF ERRORS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN my article "Old Garden Friends" on this page, June 25, there is a photograph which might well be a portrait group of Walt Disney's Seven

Dwarfs in "Snow White," except that there are about a dozen of the gnome-like creatures. The editorial caption beneath this photograph says: "The astonishing faces of *Calceolaria darwinii*, an enchanting, if difficult, native of Patagonia, of which Mr. Elliott tantalisingly says that its finding 'was mixed up with a whole comedy of errors and misunderstandings.' It was.

Dr. W. B. Gourlay and I were on the last stages of a six-months plant-collecting expedition in Chile and the Andes, in 1928-29, and were cruising down the extreme south-west coast of Chile in a small cargo-boat. It was an interesting journey as we threaded our way through a labyrinth of channels amid thousands of islands and inlets. The islands and most of the mainland coast were densely forested, and uninhabited except by a few miserable Indians. Here and there glaciers from inland ranges of snow mountains came right down into the sea. The only fellow-passengers that I remember were an American woman, the ship's dog (a yellow creature like a shaggy, stocky lion) and a young Englishman going down to Punta Arenas on some business mission for the trading and banking firm of Williamson Balfour, under whose ægis we had been travelling. The firm had agents in all the larger Chilean towns, who had been immensely helpful to us in innumerable ways—including cashing our cheques. The American passenger I remember solely by a seven-word comment which she passed on deck one morning. For some navigational reasons we left the intricate maze of channels we had been threading, and passed out for a short spell into the South Pacific Ocean. In the far distance a couple of whales were spouting misty fountains of spray. Somebody mentioned something about South Pacific. Our American friend's eye roved the vast horizon, and then came the dry seven-word comment which tickles me to this day. "H'm; seems a nice roomy place for whales!"

One evening we put into a cove, Conner Cove, and anchored for the night. Navigation in those intricate channels was too hazardous by night. I rowed ashore and landed to study the vegetation, for an hour or so. Never have I met such difficult going, and such a paradise of ferns. The ground was a tumble of huge rocks, with dense forest growth everywhere. The ferns, taller than myself, were magnificent, but more enchanting than these were the filmy ferns clothing every rock and every tree-trunk, each leaflet of their small, delicate, translucent emerald fronds carrying a sparkling drop of dew. The only colour, apart from emerald-green, was the rich crimson-scarlet of the great pendant waxy bells of *Philesia buxifolia*, which, instead of growing as an 18-in.-high shrub, as I had always known it at home, was climbing up the tree-trunks like ivy, rooting, no doubt, into the deep mantle of moss and filmy ferns.

This semi-Antarctic rain-forest was strangely silent. I neither heard nor saw a single bird of any kind, and at first I seemed to be the only mammal anywhere around. But then, before I left, I heard some large creature forcing its way towards me through the undergrowth. Puma? They were said to be not uncommon in the region, and this sounded heavy and powerful enough. I waited, until suddenly a lion's or a puma's head was thrust through a curtain of tall ferns. The creature stared at me, I stared, and then its whole sentimental soul came into its great yellow eyes, and at the same time there dawned a look of recognition suffused with love—cupboard love—and at that moment recognition became mutual. The ship's dog, whom I had fed repeatedly and shamelessly at mealtimes in the saloon, had come ashore for an hour's hunting.

At Punta Arenas we landed in a lighter in a gale of wind and a rough sea, and on the quayside, as we stepped



"THE ONLY COLOUR, APART FROM EMERALD-GREEN (OF THE FERNS AND FILMY FERNS) WAS THE RICH CRIMSON-SCARLET OF THE GREAT PENDANT WAXY BELLS OF *PHILESIA BUXIFOLIA* . . ."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



LIKE DISNEY'S SEVEN DWARFS: THE "GNOME-LIKE" FLOWERS OF *CALCEOLARIA DARWINII*, CARRIED SINGLY ON 2- TO 3-IN. STEMS. "EACH FLOWER HAD A GREAT PENDANT GOLDEN POUCH, HEAVILY SPOTTED WITH MAHOGANY-RED, AND ACROSS THE MOUTH OF THE POUCH WAS A WIDE, WAXY, SNOW-WHITE BAND OR BAR."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

ashore, a man accosted us with the enquiry "Williamson Balfour?" Yes, we said, and were at once taken to the principal hotel and installed in the best bedroom, where there was a most welcome roaring fire. Our emissary left, saying that perhaps we would call at

the office to talk business after lunch. Talking business in any office was the last thing we had come to Patagonia for, so we agreed to call in at some time later, some vague time which we left nicely open. After lunch we set out on our first plant hunt. Inland, behind the town, we explored a great expanse of rather dull heathy country, which in earlier times was, I believe, a forest of Southern Beech (*Nothofagus*). Here we found little of real interest and nothing of any garden value. There was, too, a cold, vicious wind blowing, so that after an hour or two we were glad to drop down into the shelter of a sudden deep gully, in which ran a small stream. Here vegetation was rather more luxuriant and interesting, and before long we came upon a colony of *Calceolaria darwinii*, which was quite one of the most interesting and important finds of our whole expedition. It grew on a wide shelf of rather mossy soil, in a cool and sheltered position, 2 or 3 ft. above general ground-level.

There were a number of patches of the plant, each with a dozen or two of those astonishing gnome-like flowers carried singly on 2- to 3-in. stems. Each flower had a great pendant golden pouch, heavily spotted with mahogany-red, and across the mouth of the pouch was a wide, waxy, snow-white band or bar. It was, indeed, a great moment coming upon this wonderfully sensational little plant so near at hand, and so soon after arriving in Patagonia. That same afternoon we found a solitary bush of the rare *Berberis ilicifolia*. We collected seeds of this, which, alas, never germinated. But years later, when Captain Collingwood Ingram was going to Punta Arenas and then on to Central Chile, I was able to give him simple directions which enabled him to find that same solitary bush without difficulty.

Rather late that afternoon we returned to town and decided that perhaps we really ought to look in at the office of the folk who had been so attentive in having us met on landing, and securing us accommodation at the hotel. We were courteously received, but almost at once our hosts had us puzzled by highly technical jargon about the price of wool and the current season's clip. We, on the other hand, had them puzzled and foxed by our enquiries about the local vegetation. It was not until both sides were deeply bogged and bemused that light dawned upon us. The person they had been expecting to meet at the quayside was the young man on board who was on a business mission from Williamson Balfour, and it was for him that they had reserved hotel accommodation, and with him that they were expecting to talk Big Business. Fortunately, they took no umbrage; in fact, in the end they proved as helpful and useful as the W. B. agents had been in Chile. The young man whose hotel accommodation we had innocently got away with was not amused. He apparently found it hard to believe that we were innocent, and unfortunately the only other accommodation available at the time was very, very inferior to what we got.

Fortunately, we were able to collect ripe seed of *Calceolaria darwinii*, which germinated well, and has since been grown successfully by many keen rock-gardeners. It is by no means an easy plant to cultivate, though now and then, and here and there, one hears of folk who have had no difficulty with it. Thanks largely to the Alpine Garden Society and its many keen, clever and enthusiastic members, this calceolaria has been given every chance of surviving in cultivation. As long as the Society survives—and may that be long—there is likely to be a body of specialists who will keep this and many other temperamental beauties going, and as

the plant seeds freely in captivity, and is not difficult to raise, a wide range of gardeners in a wide range of soils and climates should be able to try their hands with this strange dwarf with the menacing expression.

FIFTY YEARS OF AIRCRAFT DEVELOPMENT: THE R.A.E. JUBILEE AT FARNBOROUGH.



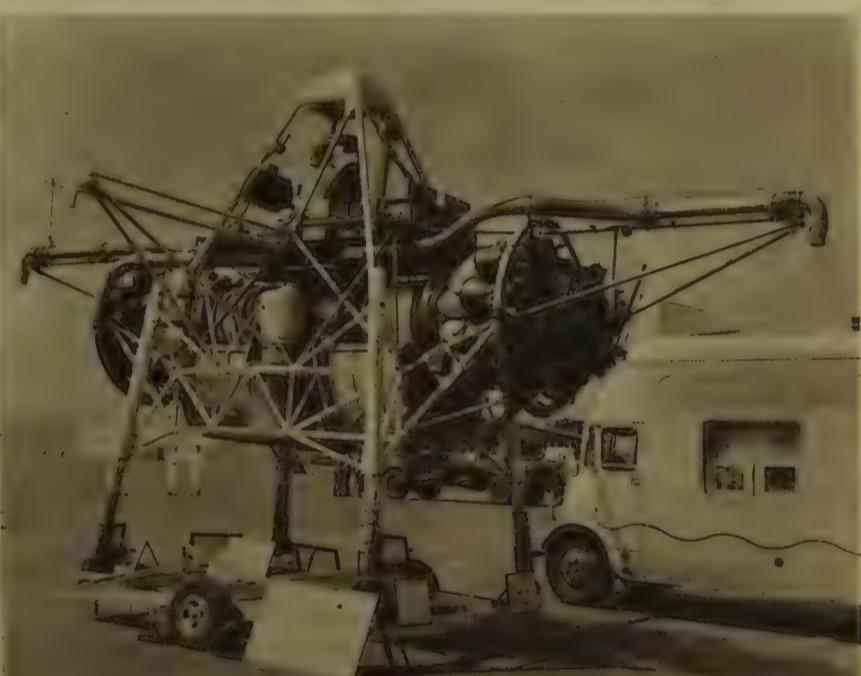
S. F. CODY (CENTRE)—WHO MADE THE FIRST OFFICIAL BRITISH AEROPLANE FLIGHT, AT FARNBOROUGH—WITH A MAN-LIFTING KITE AND THE ORIGINAL ROYAL AERONAUTICAL CORPS. MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.



A LINK WITH FARNBOROUGH'S PAST: MEN OF THE 4TH TRAINING REGT., R.E., CARRYING OUT A CODY MAN-LIFTING KITE FOR THE FARNBOROUGH JUBILEE EXHIBITION.



ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY IDEA FROM FARNBOROUGH: THE "CAVE-MAN BOMBER MARK II." POWERED WITH ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE PTERODACTYL"; AND BUILT AND MANNED BY STUDENTS OF THE R.A.E. TECHNICAL COLLEGE.



EVEN ODDER IN APPEARANCE THAN THE "CAVE-MAN BOMBER": THE ROLLS-ROYCE "FLYING BEDSTEAD," VERTICAL TAKE-OFF EXPERIMENTAL RIG, NOW FIRST SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC.



MACHINES OF THE PAST: SOME OF THE VETERAN AIRCRAFT ON SHOW AT THE FARNBOROUGH JUBILEE EXHIBITION. NEAREST CAMERA, A 1909 BLERIOT MONOPLANE.

ON July 7, the Royal Aircraft Establishment staged a Jubilee Exhibition to mark the fiftieth anniversary of its connection with Farnborough—under one name or another. In 1905 the War Office stored its balloons at Farnborough Common; in 1909 the establishment divided into the Balloon Section, R.E., which developed into the Farnborough Air Battalion, later the R.F.C., and, finally, the R.A.F.; and H.M. Balloon Factory, which stayed at Farnborough and became successively the Army Aircraft Factory, the Royal Aircraft Factory and the Royal Aircraft Establishment. Farnborough was the site of the early experiments of Cody and Dunne, and it was there that S. F. Cody made the first official aeroplane flight in Great Britain on October 5, 1908. Princess Margaret visited the exhibition, flying there from Buckingham Palace in a Westland S55 helicopter of the Royal Navy; and watched a flying display by aircraft whose production spans most of the fifty years of the R.A.E.



... AND MEN OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW: A PAIR OF ALMOST "SPACE FICTION" PRESSURE SUITS FOR FULL AND SHORT PERIOD PROTECTION AT OVER 40,000 FT.



A GREAT ROUND-UP IN SWEDISH LAPLAND: PART OF A VAST REINDEER HERD, NUMBERING SOME 14,000 ANIMALS, FORM A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

Christmas is the season at which most people in this country think about reindeer, but to those whose livelihood depends on these animals they are always in the news. A Special Correspondent of *The Times*, lately returned from Lapland, discussed the modern conditions which now face the nomadic people there in an interesting article which appeared in that paper in March. Of the 10,000 Lapps in Sweden, about 7000 are forest Lapps, the other 3000 being mountain Lapps,

the nomads who follow the migrant reindeer back and forth across Swedish Lapland, which is the scene of this photograph. After wintering on lichens in the forests, the reindeer move west to the moors and heaths in May, where they calve before the heat of summer drives them into the mountains on the Norwegian border and beyond. They return east at the end of August, reaching their winter quarters again by the end of the year. In the old days the Lapps followed the

herds throughout their annual cycle, but *The Times* correspondent points out that today it is known that more than young men follow them, while the old men and the women and children are left behind for most of the year at what used to be only winter quarters. In a letter, which appeared in *The Times* on July 1, a correspondent put the case for the reindeer solving the food and clothing problem for the Eskimo in the North American Arctic and gave a résumé of the attempts

which have so far been made to persuade the Eskimo to become permanently interested in the breeding of reindeer. On July 7 another correspondent agreed, in a letter to *The Times*, that "given an adequate food supply, reindeer appear to flourish almost anywhere in the Arctic," but went on to the question of winter feeding, saying that "it is the condition of the lichen on the winter range which governs the number of reindeer which the country can hold."

PRE-1917 AND GOING STRONG: VETERAN CARS IN THE JUBILEE RALLY.



LEAVING PUTNEY HEATH, WHERE LORD BRABAZON OF TARA (RIGHT) STARTED THE CARS FROM LONDON FOR THE RALLY: MR. J. G. SEARS IN HIS 1905 ROLLS-ROYCE.



MOVING OFF FROM PUTNEY HEATH FOR STRATFORD-ON-AVON: MR. G. MAWER IN HIS OLDSMOBILE RUNABOUT, 1904 AND MRS. MAWER IN HER 1909 ZEDEL.



GETTING THE STARTING SIGNAL FROM LORD BRABAZON OF TARA (RIGHT): A 1904 DARRACQ DRIVEN BY MR. R. D. GREGORY LEAVING PUTNEY HEATH ON JULY 6.



OFF TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON: MR. E. P. SHAW AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 1902 BEAUFORT TWO-SEATER, ACKNOWLEDGING THE FAREWELL WAVE FROM AN OFFICIAL.



BEFORE THE START: MRS. STRADLING IN THE 1913 UNIC COUPE DRIVEN BY HER HUSBAND, WITH MR. BARNARD—WEARING A "DEERSTALKER"—WHO DROVE A 1915 SINGER.

The Silver Jubilee International Rally (1930-55), promoted by the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, which was open to cars manufactured before 1917, was divided into four parts. Cars left from five points—London (Putney Heath, where they were started by Lord Brabazon of Tara), Cambridge, York, Chester and Bristol—on July 6 for the Rally gathering point, Stratford-on-Avon, where they were received by the Mayor. On July 8 they left for Cheltenham in two parties, one going by Stourport-on-Severn to visit the Regent Oil Company's installation, and the second



AT THE WHEEL OF MR. A. PRINCE'S 1903 PANHARD-LEVASSOR WHICH HE DROVE: MR. H. L. WILSON, WITH MRS. WILSON, LEAVING PUTNEY HEATH.

through the Cotswolds via Broadway. From Cheltenham entrants were due to leave on July 9 for Evesham and Redditch, arriving at Longbridge at the Austin Motor Company's works in the morning for the driving tests, after which a cavalcade, led by the award winners, was scheduled. The Concours d'Elégance, the final event, was arranged for July 10 in the Pump Room Gardens, Royal Leamington Spa. "The oldest car to be entered was Mr. R. J. Stevens' 1898 Stevens dogcart model, and the youngest three were built in 1916."

WHERE THE MAIDENS OF CYRENE SOUGHT THE AID OF ARTEMIS IN RITUAL BATHS: THE UNDERGROUND NYMPHÆUM IDENTIFIED AND DESCRIBED.

By G. R. H. WRIGHT.

ON August 3, 1934, architect Pasquale Carbonara, of the Italian Archaeological Service at Cyrene, wrote to his Director, Professor Gaspare Oliverio, then temporarily absent in Italy, "A group of labourers has continued to empty the underground chambers with little niches." His subsequent reports outlined the progress of discovery, and on November 7 he concludes: "Last Saturday the emptying of the underground chambers was completed. On your return it will be easy to proceed with the systematic exploration of them, and to the reopening of the entrance doorways, which we have only identified from the inside. For these to be freed and put back into use it will be necessary to dig about six metres below the present level of the Via Ghehab."

The feature thus brought to light formed yet another element of the truly remarkable series of caverns, tunnels and galleries cut in and behind the face of the cliff scarp forming the southern boundary of the Sanctuary Area and the so-called Sacred Way—the roadside portico leading down to it from the upper town (formerly called the Via Ghehab). Some idea of the general topography of this area is given by the aerial photograph (Fig. 2). In the top right-hand corner are to be seen excavated areas of the upper town, while from a group of houses in the left centre (the modern village of Shahat) a path (the Sacred Way) leads down to a terrace between the plateau of the town site of Cyrene to the south and a precipitous *wadi* to the north. This terrace comprised the Sanctuary of Apollo, heavily built up with public buildings from the complex of baths at the east to the theatre (later converted to an amphitheatre) at the west end, with, in the centre, the Doric Temple of Apollo.

By 1939, the Italian Archaeological Service, working on a grand scale, had cleared much of the subterranean rock cutting in the southern scarp. However, before their investigations had achieved finality, those scholars who gradually had been building up an understanding of the complex were scattered by the storm of conflict which, in the succeeding three years, swept and swept again across Cyrenaica. Thus these features still remain substantially unpublished and unknown except to visitors; moreover, the

chambers are at the eastern limit of the scarp towards the upper terminus of the "Sacred Way," from which they are separated by a Roman retaining wall rebuilt by the Italians. They are set in a higher stage of the scarp than the other cuttings to the west, but two well-shafts descend 8 metres to a tunnel or conduit which links up with the other more westerly features. Above the chambers the top of the cliff is covered with the foundations of Byzantine houses.

As can be seen from Figs. 3 and 4, there are two types of chambers: the easterly ones are designed for the performance of some ceremony (Figs. 5, 7, 8 and 9), the walls being lined with chairlike baths, each



FIG. 1. A SKETCH-MAP OF MODERN CYRENAICA, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF CYRENE AND ITS RELATION TO SUCH TOWNS AS BENGHAZI, DERNA AND TOBRUK.

originally roofed the area immediately in front, but this area, part of which was dug out by the Italians to effect an entrance, is now too confused for description. From the reopening of entrances and reflooring, it seems that the chambers must have long remained in use, but neither from stratigraphy nor finds is there any information now subsisting to indicate their history.

Inevitably they came to be called "Ritual Baths." They are clearly designed for some form of ceremonial bathing or lustration; but can they be more closely defined? Can the deity whose ritual was celebrated there be named? A chance discovery elsewhere makes this possible and enables us to say that here is the Nymphaeum of Artemis.

In about A.D. 365 a severe earthquake overwhelmed Cyrene, destroying the main public buildings, including the great temples which had already previously suffered in the Jewish Revolt of A.D. 115. Following this disaster, the citizens, now mainly Christian, ransacked the wreckage of pagan monuments to find building-stone for their new constructions, among which was a replacement for the lavish baths erected by Hadrian after the Jewish Revolt. Accordingly, during the excavation of these small baths, which are situated alongside those of Hadrian, an Italian archaeologist was delighted to find, on turning over some paving-stones, that their undersides were inscribed.

He had chanced on a series of *stelai* engraved in the fourth century B.C. with the "Sacred Laws" of the city of Cyrene: laws which ordain what steps must be taken to maintain the religious purity of the city and its



FIG. 2. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY AREA OF CYRENE, MARKED TO SHOW THE CHIEF POINTS REFERRED TO IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

Key to arrows: (A) the modern village of Shahat; (B) the Sacred Way leading down to the Sanctuary Area; (C) the Ritual Baths; (D) excavated areas of the Upper Town; (E) the place where the *stelai* identifying the Ritual Baths were found; (F) a large complex of baths; (G) the Sanctuary Area; (H) the Temple of Apollo; (I) the Theatre, later converted into an amphitheatre; and (J) the City Wall.

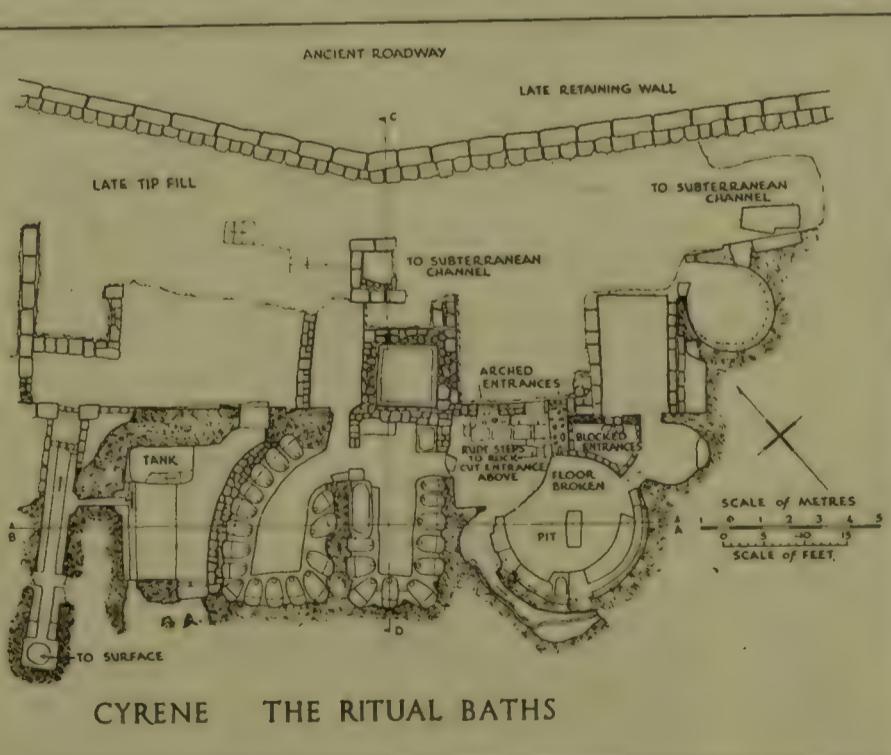


FIG. 3. A PLAN OF THE RITUAL BATHS OF CYRENE, DEDICATED, IT HAS NOW BEEN LEARNT, TO ARTEMIS—PLOTTED AND DRAWN OUT BY MR. G. R. H. WRIGHT. THE SANCTUARY AREA LIES TO THE LEFT, THE VILLAGE OF SHAHAT (SEE FIG. 2) TO THE RIGHT. THE AXES A-B, C-D REFER TO THE SECTIONS SHOWN IN FIG. 4.

destructive effect of ever-present water is continuous. Under such circumstances, a thorough survey was commissioned in 1954 and from the records of this are abstracted the plan and section (Figs. 3 and 4) of Carbonara's chambers represented in their present condition.

each surmounted by a niche, presumably designed to receive a vase, or perhaps discarded clothing. Distinct from this group are the two westerly chambers which may be considered the service apartments, for here water was led in and stored. The rock facade of the chambers is recessed to engage the rafters of a canopy which

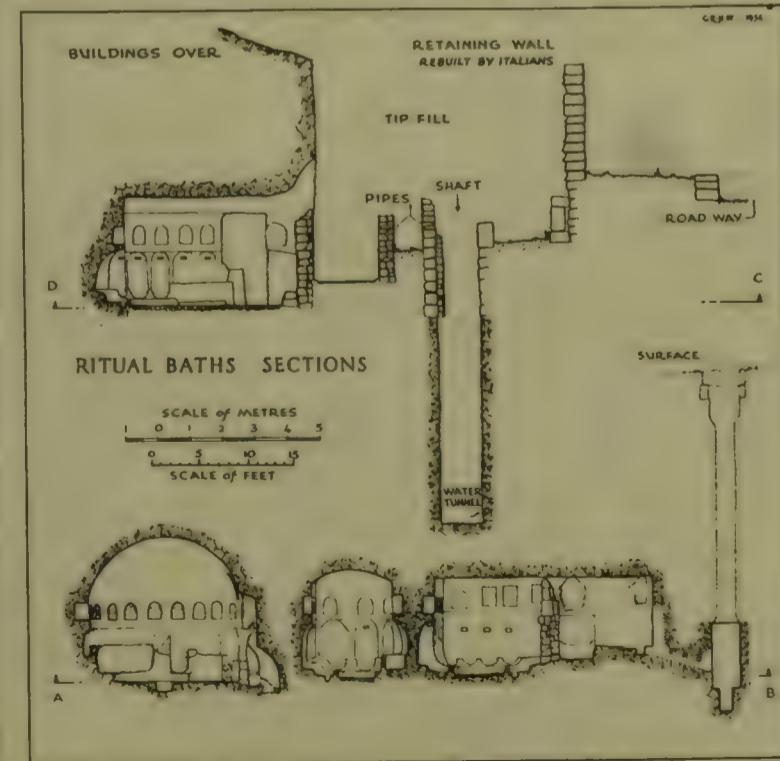


FIG. 4. SECTIONS OF THE RITUAL BATHS OF CYRENE. THE UPPER IS DRAWN ON THE AXIS C-D OF FIG. 3; THE LOWER ON THE AXIS A-B.

provided with a lamp sconce and inhabitants. This is the discovery which leads us to the identification of the "Ritual Baths," for in addition to sections dealing with the worship of Artemis in her temple adjacent to that of Apollo, the *stelai* contain those which enjoin girls to "Go down to the Nymphaeum of Artemis"—and Carbonara's chambers (to which one must "descend" considerably to enter) conform to the pattern of a Nymphaeum. [Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 5.

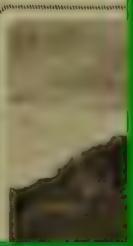


FIG. 6. T

